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JACOBITISM UNMASKED,

THE LEARNED SPEAKERS;

A F A R C E.

A S

Performed at the County Hall in Coventry, upon a  
recent occasion.

B Y

THE KING'S SERVANTS, &c.

---

My pen, like bitter apple, drastic purge  
This City's follies ever more shall scourge,  
'Tis vice that *pesters* us, and not *sedition*,  
And I'm resolved to drive her to PERDITION.

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## To THE R E A D E R.

NEVER since the dreadful times of religious persecution, has any thing reflected such disgrace on our national character, "as Britons, persecuting Britons," merely for differing in political opinions as to the justice or expediency of the present war. That this wickedness has been encouraged by interested and designing men, is now too obvious to be denied; but that it should have had the direful effect to induce men to revile their neighbours, in the most opprobrious language, and with the most diabolical of all intentions, that of ruining their characters and trade, is such a trait of human depravity, as posterity will shudder at. Blush reader! if this has been thy conduct, what is the boasted liberty of Britons *but a shadow*, if they are not allowed to speak the honest dictates of the heart, or are to be called enemies of the King, for being enemies to the war.

The following lines were wrote to ridicule a few *noted characters* engaged in these scandalous transactions, and others of the same stamp may depend on being noticed, if they do not desist from their villainous conduct.



## DEDICATION

TO THE FREE AND HONEST

Two Thousand Eight Hundred and Seven

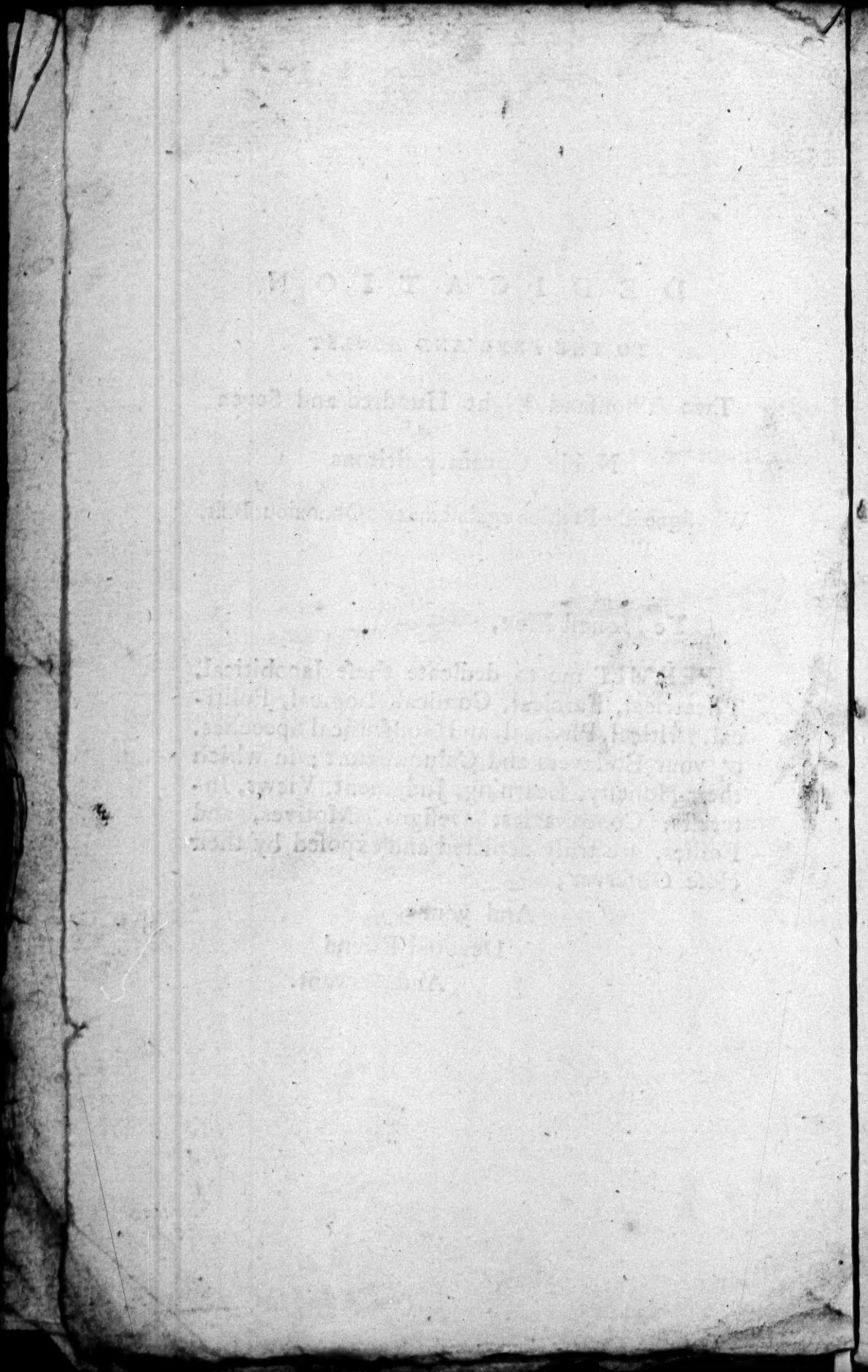
Noble Coventry Britons

Who signed the Petition against the two Obnoxious Bills.

Ye Honest Men,

PERMIT me to dedicate these Jacobitical, Theatrical, Farcical, Comical, Logical, Political, Critical, Physical, and Nonsensical Speeches, of your Enslavers and Calumniators; in which their Honesty, Learning, Judgment, Views, Interests, Conspiracies, Designs, Motives, and Follies, are truly depicted and exposed by their close Observer;

And your  
Devoted Friend  
And Servant.



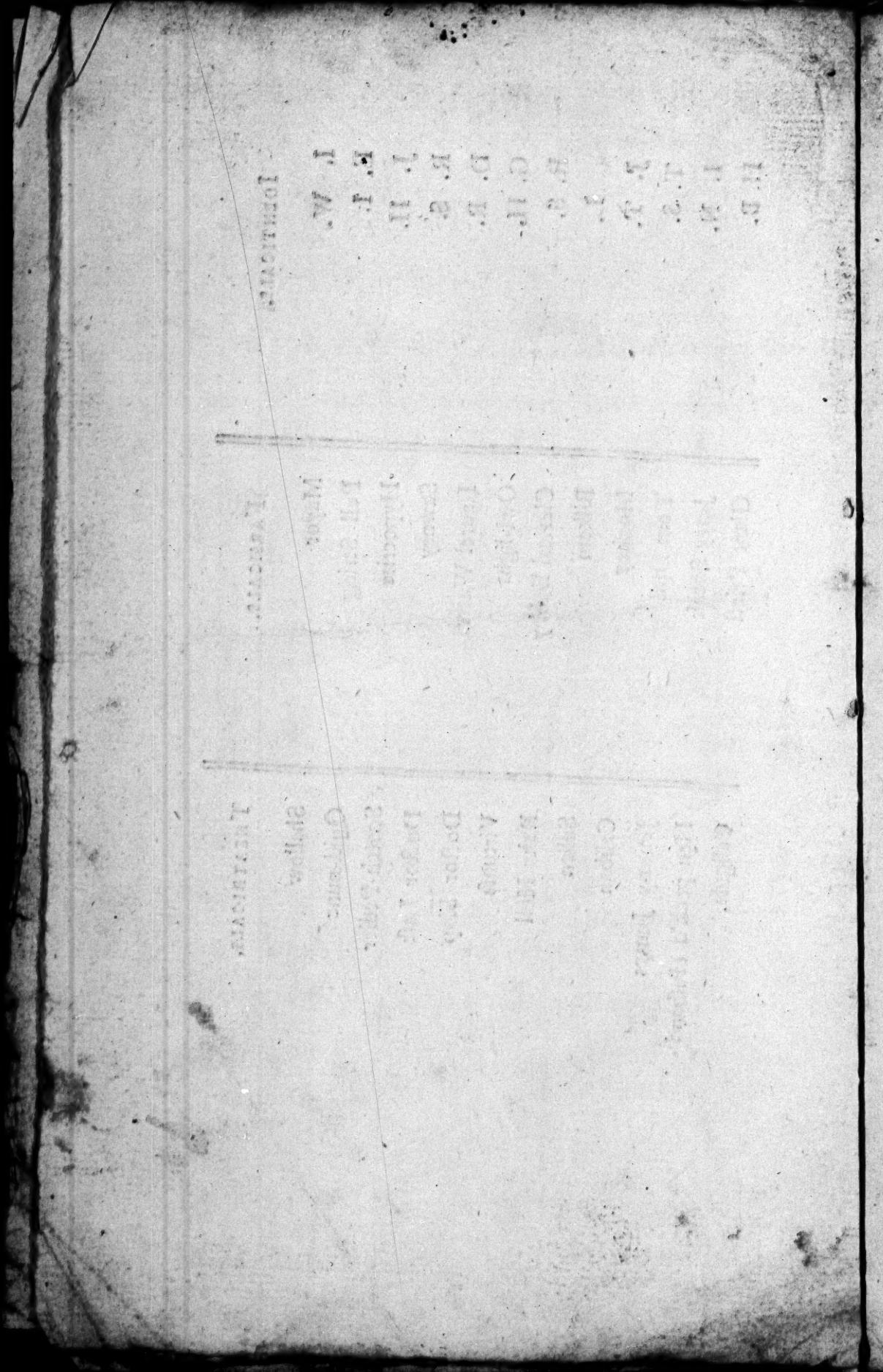
**IDENTICALS.**

I. W.	
E. I.	
J. H.	
R. S.	
D. R.	
G. H.	
R. S.	
L.	
J. T.	
T. S.	
I. N.	
H. B.	

**FARSCICALS.**

Mayor	Shallow
Pull String	Quid-nunc
Hypocrite	Scotch Pedler
Sawney	Doctor Laff
Laurel Water	Doctor Slop
Owl-light	Virtuosa
Clerical Bobby	Rake Hell
Bilkem	Sullen
Monkey	Caliban
Tom Dull	Jemmy Jumps
Jerry Sneak	Hen-peck'd Husband
Giant Priest	Caligula.

**THEATRICALS.**



## JACOBITISM UNMASKED,

## LEARNED SPEAKERS;

## A FARCE.

### S C E N E.

#### THE COUNTY HALL.

The Mayor seated in state, surrounded by Doctors, Lawyers, Parsons, Aldermen, Pensioners, Constables, Beadles, and a large group of attendants, &c. &c.

#### MAYOR'S CRYER.

Silence in court—hats off—whilst I declare,  
This noble meeting call'd by *Loyal* Mayor.

#### MAYOR.

Gentlemen,  
I'm proud to see such folks attend my call,  
To grace my presence in this county hall.

B

Folks

Folks say I'm ignorant, this I won't confess,  
 For if you vote one, I can sign the address  
 Let's *"congregate"* the King's great Majesty,  
 On the escape of his vile enemy.

*Pull String*, whispers the *Mayor* "you're wrong,"  
 That's right, I'm wrong; no wrong I cannot be,  
 I meant the King's escape, we all agree.

*Aside* { Curse this mistake, I had the words so pat,  
 But lost them, lost them, twirling round my hat.

The King he lives, long may he live, god bless him!  
 Oh! were he present, how I would caress him.  
 I love my King better than I love life,  
 Or all those babies, sprung from *whore* or *wife*,  
 I'll make all grumbling *democrats* submit,  
 Unto my mandates, and to those of PITT.

#### PENSION'D HYPOCRITE.

I second the address, with eyes brim full of tears,  
 My heart is sad, I quake from hopes and fears.  
 Do not suspect these tears, I am not poor,  
 From George I hold a pretty finecure.  
 From all dissenters false to King and church,  
 I wash my hands and leave them in the lurch.  
 This test I'll swear, may George for ever reign, }  
 In spight of reform, or that villain PAYNE, }  
 As long as I this finecure retain.

#### SIMPLE SAWNEY.

Sawney arose, whilst anger fired his face,  
 His cheek bones prov'd him of the Scottish race;  
 His mouth distorted, and with utterance big,  
 He shook his fist, and then he shook his wig.

PITT,

PITT, EARDLY, WILMOT, are my three staunch friends,

Who rails against them, my proud soul offends ;  
 I say believe me, or believe me not,  
 I am a Tory, and a grateful Scott,  
 The best of Kings is George I now declare,  
 PITT is my God, and great is John our Mayor.  
 They lavish'd favours both on me and mine,  
 And caus'd my dullest son in black to shine ;  
 And other sons I have, of the same breed,  
 Too proud to work, must on their country feed.  
 His Lordship promised, one a good snug place,  
 If next election I protect his face.

### LAUREL WATER.

Laurel starts up, with an enraged stare ;  
 He frown'd on Sawney, and began to swear,  
 Damnation seize you all, I join'd this crew,  
 In hopes of getting something from the Jew ;  
 My sons like your's will neither work nor fight,  
 But make them parsons, they can read and write,  
 We Scotch are born to gull these English fools,  
 Whose growling tempers are unfit for tools :  
 I too agree that want may drive these knaves,  
 To some extremes, before we make them slaves ;  
 I join your plan to call them jacobin's,  
 For then we fix on them, our own damn'd sins,  
 Or if they grumble, when they feel our chains,  
 To stop the rascal's wee'll knock out their brains.  
 The Doctor swore, and then he made a stop,  
 Who for strange oaths excells fam'd Doctor Slop ?

## OWL-LIGHT.

*Owl-light* turn'd pale, *Owl-light* was once a whig,  
 As full of ancient lore, as learned Pig.  
 He ope'd his jaws—hem'd twice, in act to speak,  
 Stood up and tried, but only made a squeak,  
 Sat down ye gods! transform'd, a fine antique,  
 This man's chief reason to resist reform,  
 Are *Venus*, *Medals*, *Coins*, and *Bugle Horn*.  
 Such weighty motives, you'll admit have force  
 To turn man fool, and mount his hobby-horse.  
 This horse *Virtù* is of an ancient breed,  
 From him *Tom Dull* and *Jerry Sneak*, proceed.

## CLERICAL BOBBY.

*Bobby* next rose, a ministerial tool,  
 Being low in stature, he call'd out a stool.  
 The people gaze'd to see the devil's scourge,  
 The *Doctor* frightened, lest he'd ta'en a purge;  
 When mounted up odds bobs, to see the grace  
 Of this Priest's posture, and in this Priest's face.

## BOBBY SPEAKS.

Oh had you seen me deck'd in martial pride,  
 You'd thought of *Hector*, by my strength and stride  
 On board a ship, I was prepared for fight.  
 Religion call'd me, by a sudden fright,  
 To ARMS, TO ARMS along the decks resound,  
 When like Saint Paul, I fell into a swoond.  
 The sailors hinted that thro' fear I fled,  
 As down below I hasten'd to my bed;  
 But happy for you siends, I felt this call,  
 To pteach the gospel and convert you all,

Or

Or else like Rodney, on the seas renown'd,  
 I had return'd from war with laurels crown'd.  
 But if reformers dare touch church or state,  
 They will be damn'd to everlasting fate.  
 What shame it is folks do not pay us well,  
 Whose fervent prayers save all their souls from hell.

## BILK'EM.

I am a placeman, call'd, the Barrack Master,  
 And am quite griev'd at George's sad disaster,  
 Those men who rail, or scold, or make wry faces,  
 Are knaves like us, that only want our places.  
 Ask all the city who's the greatest sot,  
 They'd all agree and point to a poor LOTT.  
 At Dick's I sit, immur'd from morn till night,  
 And seldom rise, except to eat or—  
 Should any wonder how I got this place,  
 A worthy knight compassion'd my poor case;  
 Since ev'ry thing is dear, 'tis my intention  
 To write to YOUNG, for to increase my pension.  
 I tell you what my friends, twig well this nose,  
 Better to have a PLACE, than telling Hose.  
 If honest men you seek, look, look around,  
 Here's ONE that paid two shillings in the pound.

## MAYOR'S MONKEY.

You see the monkey that attends the coach,  
 To truth, or manners, I'm a foul reproach.  
 But well my body suits my dastard soul,  
 The soul is dirty, and the case as foul,  
 I'm like Thersites whom Ulysses bang'd,  
 I'll ne'er quit scandal till I'm kick'd or hang'd;

If

If any jobs you have in glass or lead,  
 Ask for the *Monkey* at King *Charl's Head*.  
 I stick up squibs or other filthy bills,  
 Either for scandal, or for drugs or pills.  
 To see my legs and eyes, you'd swear I'm born  
 To frighten children, or the crows from corn.

## TOMMY DULL.

*Tom Dull* next spoke, *Tommy* so tall and slender,  
 An ugly puppy, of a doubtful gender.  
 This fop ne'er had, nor ever will have brains,  
 A few old coins are all his skull contains.  
 A servile spaniel, of king *Charl's* breed,  
 His wish to teach the *Jacobitish creed*,  
 A friend to tyrants, he no *Nero* dreads,  
 And thro' respect he hoards all *Roman* heads.  
 If females see him when he's curl'd and drest,  
 They turn their eyes with scorn, his *form* detest.  
 To see this fribble walk the streets in pumps,  
 You'd swear it was that fool call'd *Jemmy Jumps*.  
 O you his friends pray keep him in a box ;  
 But there's no danger, he'll ne'er catch the . . .  
 I tell thee *Tom*, each autumn and each spring,  
 I'll sing thy praise like *Peter* to the *king*.

## JERREY SNEAK.

The next *wife* fellow that arose to speak,  
 Was a poor Quaker, nick-nam'd *Jerry Sneak* :  
 This chap abroad, in speech, you'd think him bold,  
 But, ah ! at home he's silenc'd by a scold.  
 Oft strolling thro' the streets, his head he drops,  
 Unless he pokes it in his neighbours shops ;

Wan,

Wan, pale, dejected, like those fools from France,  
Or eke the Knight of woeful countenance,  
Now in the rostrum, and expos'd to view,  
He ope'd his store of knowledge in virtù.

*Jerry Sneak's Catalogue of Curiosities.*

I have the model of old Balaam's ass,  
A stupid Mayor of Coventry in brass;  
The picture of a magistrate that fled,  
Another *Bust*, composed of solid lead.  
I've fram'd and glaz'd, King Charles's ' Golden  
Rules,'  
For the instruction of my friends who're fools;  
I have Protector Richard's famed ' Address,'  
Whom our wise magistrates did once caref.  
These men were known, the creatures of a day,  
In politics they are *Vicars of Bray*.  
I have the picture of a Priest, that's learn'd,  
But now, alas! how RARE to be discern'd:  
Peace and forgiveness, did the Saviour teach,  
Whilst some vile wretches, war and hatred preach,  
Of medals, coins, old prints, I have a number;  
O, come and see my board, and you will wonder:  
Indeed of oddities I have vast store,  
But had I all that's here I should have more.  
Hear me, ye Gods, Oh! take my loving wife;  
Who is the joy, and plague of my poor life.  
Thus spoke the Quaker, and they all confess,  
That this last speech, was of all speeches best.

*The GIANT PRIEST.*

A man next rose of elevated size,  
Whose fame in *love* and *war* has made some noise;

He

He is no stripling form'd like reed or lath,  
 But like that giant Philistine of Gath:  
 A coward *Soldier* (now a *Priest*) has been,  
 As oft, too oft, *camelions* they are seen;  
 Their whole employ to *rake*, to *drink*, and *feast*,  
 And then *reform*, *FORSOOTH*, and turn *God's priest*.  
 Such are the *men*, who must improve our lives,  
 Eat up our *viands*, and corrupt our *wives*;  
 Too proud to work, or cultivate the lands,  
 Are 'DRONES,' supported by in-lustrious hands.  
 To do their duty, *discard* soon would cease,  
 And neighbours now *enraged*, live quite in peace.  
 Instead of this, they aggravate our woes,  
 And scarcely are restrain'd from *savage blows*.  
 'SEDITION, HA!' 'tis an empty bubble,  
 The hue and cry, which causes all our trouble:  
 Rais'd by designing knaves, to screen their tricks,  
 From close observers in their politics.  
 The poet long has view'd the vicious man,  
 Has known his motives, and forseen his plan:  
 Tells the proud *Priest* repent, before too late:  
 Such *deeds* are punish'd by avenging *fate*:  
 I swear by *Jove*, never to quit my pen,  
 Till they *reform*, or are despis'd 'mongst men.

[To be continued.]

Scene II. opens in the Mayor's Parlour.

Sunday Evening